

Honour and Heart

Classical · Monologue · 2 min · Male role · Adult · Advanced

MOI

What! Am I thought beaten because I hold my tongue? You take for a confession what is nothing but contempt. Know that if I yield the floor a moment, it is not out of weakness, and still less out of fear.

MOI

You have torn everything from me: my goods, my rank, my title. So be it. They were loans, and fortune takes them back. But the soul, that part no king ever gave me, no king, do you hear me, can take away.

MOI

You speak to me of mercy; spare me the word. Mercy that is begged for has the taste of the cell. I had rather face the storm with my head high than owe my safety to the man who bows it.

MOI

Strike, then, if fate invites you to it. You will hold my person, and not my pride. And when they look for the one who, alone against a whole people, stayed standing while every other back was bent, it is not your name history will speak: it is the name of a beaten man who never bowed.

What you can do with it

Original text written for Acto. Read it, print it, work on it in class, perform it at an audition or on a self-tape: that is what it is for, and you need no permission. For a public performance or any commercial use, write to us at contact@acto.re.